

Five Plus One

by SamLim29

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Five Plus One

Nobody told Hinata about what female managers did in the night during training camps.

Granted, she'd never actually been to one before (let alone slept with a bunch of girls), but she was sure that getting ambushed on the way out of the shower, was definitely not on the agenda.

Once the classroom door clicked shut behind her, Hinata knew she was doomed.

"Whatâ€¦! What's going on?" Hinata asked, her voice cracking with fear.

"Spill." Emily, a tanned girl, with thick chocolate brown hair that tumbled down her shoulders in heavy locks, demanded, beckoning the younger girl over to the futons the girls had neatly arranged.

"S-Spill what?" Hinata asked, getting very cosy and intimate with the door.

"What's going on between you and that black-haired guy, of course!" Rise rolled her eyes, as if Hinata were a dim-witted child.

"Omigod, yes, he is such a hottie!" Liz, a chalky blonde, sighed, fanning herself with her hands dramatically. "So, please, go ahead! Tell us all about your dangerous liaison with him!"

On God, not this, Hinata thought, suddenly wishing to become an ostrich so that she could just bury her head in the sand and ignore the question entirely.

Unfortunately, four sets of eyes were trained on her, and Hinata sighed.

"First of all," Hinata began slowly. "He's called Kageyama. And secondly, we're just friends."

Eyebrows raised

"Are you sure?" A sultry brunette, Yukari, asked, eyeing Hinata sceptically. "I mean, you're with him every day, and he seems to have a soft spot for you â€œ"

If Hinata had been drinking, water would have shot out from her nostrils. As it was, she managed to gather her wits about her, and fix Yukari with her coldest glare. (Which was as about intimidating as a kitten's scowl.)

"We're just friends!" Hinata tried to gather up the remains of her dignity, and finding that intimidation didn't work, tried a different tack. "Really! Besides, heâ€œ|"

"He?" Emily prompted, trapping Hinata in her golden gaze.

"H-He's gay for his senpai." Hinata blurted out, diving into her futon, and huddling down beneath the covers.

"Aw," She heard the pout in Rise's voice.

"Bet you one thousand yen she's lying." Yukari murmured.

"Deal."

Hinata groaned into her pillow, and gave it a solid punch, wishing that that could have been Kageyama's face instead.

* * *

><p>Natsu Hinata was not blind, nor was she oblivious. She was more observant than people gave her credit for and had seen enough romantic dramas to realize what was up with her sister, who had been behaving strangely for a few weeks.<p>

Natsu had seen the way her sister's eyes lit up when her phone chimed, heard her peals of laughter through the walls, listened to her chatter on during dinner about 'the amazing, but still-a-jerk Kageyama' â€œ whoever he was. (To be frank, it was getting really annoying.)

Unlike her sister, who apparently had no clue about what 'love' was, or what having a crush meant, Natsu knew her sister â€œ and her emotions - better than Hinata knew herself. No one could fault her if she wanted to help her sister along, right? Like the way she'd helped Oikawa Takeru know that her friend, Izumo Raika liked him after all â€œ by telling him straight out.

So, when Hinata brought home Kageyama for dinner one night, Natsu made her move. Hinata had headed upstairs to change out of her school

uniform, and she and the older boy were alone in the dining room.

"Are you Onee-chan's boyfriend?" She asked sweetly, twinkling her eyes and pouting her lips as she always did when dealing with difficult classmates.

Kageyama spluttered out incomprehensive words, his face turning as red as a tomato. "N-No."

"Oh." For a moment, Natsu felt deflated as if she were a balloon that had had the air let out of it. Then she brightened up, as a new idea popped into her head. "But Onee-chan really likes you, you know! She doodles her name all over her diary, with hearts and flowers, and"

"NATSU!" Hinata shrieked, having entered the room in time to catch this last comment.

Natsu clicked her tongue under her breath, scampering out of the room before her sister could grab her and demand she apologize.

But the damage had been dealt. Her sister and Kageyama would barely look at each other through dinner, and when they did make eye contact, Hinata would start, as if someone had poked her in the ribs, and hastily tear her eyes away from Kageyama's languorous blue eyes.

Absently poking at the broccoli that she had no intention of eating, Natsu shook her head.

Man, were those two dense.

* * *

><p>"Hinata-chan!" Two overly-wound up boys came running at Hinata as she walked into the gym, screaming with excitement to see her.

"Tanaka-senpai, Nishinoya-senpai," She laughed, squealing in protest when Tanaka started ruffling her already messy hair. "What's up?"

Nishinoya was bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet, a kinetic, feverish energy burning about him. "Shouyou, as your senpai, we have decided that it is our duty to protect you from unlawful predators!"

Hinata's eyebrows shot up. "Unlawful?"

"Predators?" Tanaka asked, looking down at the shorter boy in confusion. "But Noya-san, weren't we going to stop her from dating Kageyama?"

Nishinoya sighed, but patiently explained the logic behind his reasoning all the same. "That is the predator, Ryu. Anyone who tries to date Shouyou is an enemy."

"As expected of Noya-san! Your words are as wise as always!"

"Ahaha, Ryu, you flatterer, you!"

Hinata decided to interject before they decided to beat Kageyama up â€" or worse. "Um, senpai-tachi, Kageyama and I aren't dating. It's a misunderstanding."

Tanaka reached over and patted her shoulder in what was supposed to be a comforting gesture. "It's all right, my dear Kouhai. We won't let anyone take you away from your loving senpai."

Even as Hinata wondered what she'd gotten herself into, she still managed to fix a somewhat hesitant smile onto her face, and nodded. "Umâ€¦ Then thank you very much, Nishinoya-senpai, Tanaka-senpai!"

"Wahaha! O-Of course!"

"T-T-That's what senpais are for!"

This was the first time that Hinata had ever heard the two loudest, most self-assured, and brassiest boys on the Karasuno High School Volleyball team stutter. But little did she know that her two 'personal body guards' would continue to snap and growl at whoever so much as batted an eyelash at her.

* * *

><p>"Hinata! Could you please come here for a second?" Sugawara smiled his usual eye-crinkling grin, beckoning the younger girl over.<p>

"Sure thing, Sugawara-san. What's up?" Hinata asked, returning his easy smile, and making her way over to him.

Bending down to look her in the eye, Sugawara gently ruffled her hair, but the look in his eyes said that he was serious. "Hinata-chan, you will look after Kageyama, right?"

"Eh?"

"Kageyama may be socially awkward, and I know he isn't exactly the easiest person to get along with, but he's still a good boy, with a heart of gold, so please try your best to stay by his side! Both of you ARE a little too young to start dating â€" Daichi and I only started when we were in our second year â€" but I'm sure the two of you have got absolutely nothing to worry about! You and Kageyama have such wonderful chemistry, after all!"

"EH?!" Now Hinata was truly flummoxed, but only for a moment. "You and the captain are dating?!"

A light blush made itself known on Sugawara's cheeks, but he managed to shake his head unconvincingly. "Umâ€¦ Well, that's not the point here! What I'm trying to say is, you and Kageyama should take things slow! Don't be too hasty and rush into things that you'll regret!"

"Umâ€¦"

"Suga," Daichi Sawamura took pity on Hinata, and gently took hold of

the vice-captain's elbows, steering him away from her. "C'mon, let's start practice. Hinata's a responsible girl, she won't let anything happen to Kageyama. You're overthinking things. Again."

"But -"

"_Suga_."

And this time, Sugawara walked off with Daichi, before Hinata could even ask what the heck had just happened. This was becoming a habit, she decided disgruntledly. How many more people were going to assume that she and Kageyama were dating?

* * *

><p>"Ah! Hinata-chan! Over here!" Yachi waved at her friend spastically, looking like perfection personified in her pink wrap top, denim skirt, and tights.<p>

"I apologize for being late!" Hinata cried, sliding into a seat in the booth.

Her hair stuck up in curls like baby bat wings, and she was sure that she'd looked like she'd rolled out of bed and pulled jeans on over her pyjamas.

Shimizu Kiyoko smiled affectionately, shaking her head to imply that an apology was not needed. As always, even in a plain button down shirt, sneakers and well-worn jeans, Kiyoko looked like a modern-age goddess.

At that moment, the waitress arrived to take their order. "Know what you're having?"

Yachi fastidiously ordered a fruit smoothie with a slice of carrot cake, Kiyoko asked for a caramel frappe with shortbread, and Hinata, after a moment's hesitation, chose a large Frappuccino and coconut pancakes.

"Soâ€¦ Umâ€¦"

"Spit it out, Hitoka-chan," Kiyoko encouraged her junior, who looked like she wanted a hole to open up in the ground and swallow her whole.

"Umâ€¦ Hinata-chan, there'sâ€¦ Umâ€¦ There's this guy I really likeâ€¦"

"Oh, congratulations! Who's the lucky guy? Do I know him?"

"He's called Yamato Izumiâ€¦" Yachi trailed off, twiddling her thumbs uncomfortably as the waitress arrived to distribute their food.

Hinata regarded her pancakes consideringly. They looked fantastic: golden brown, drenched in maple syrup. She took a bite as the waitress wobbled off on her high heels.

They were delicious.

Kiyoko nudged Yachi on. "And he's in my class."

"OH! The soccer club's treasurer, right? He's in my Classical Lit class." Realization dawned in Hinata's eyes. "If you want his phone number, I'm sorry, but I don't have it."

"NO!" Yachi cut her off abruptly, her face turning into a tomato. "No, t-that's not it."

"Well, then whiff is it?" Hinata asked around a mouthful of food.

"Hinata-chan was really brave to ask out Kageyama-san like that! So I was wondering if you had any tips for me? Like, on how to ask a boy out?" Yachi chanced a timid glance at Hinata, who was frozen in place, like a statue.

Hinata let her fork clatter onto her plate.

Oh, help.

* * *

><p>She didn't even see the taller boy in front of her until she had run smack-dab into him. The impact knocked the wind out of her in a breath stealing whoosh as she collided against his rock-solid chest. He caught her with one strong arm before she could fall backward from the force of the collision.

Hinata was too stunned to be immediately embarrassed.

"Are you okay?" He asked, not releasing her right away, probably afraid she was too klutzy to stand on her own two feet. He looked down at her with genuine concern. "Do you need help?"

Hinata didn't recover quickly, and she looked up at him in confusion, still processing what had just happened. "I... Uh... I guess I'm okay." She stuttered.

He let go of her cautiously, watching for any sign that she might not be steady enough to stand on her own.

"Er, thanks," Hinata started to feel the lagging humiliation wash over her.

She took an unsteady step back and saw that, beneath the white and aqua jacket of Aoba Jousai, he wore a snug-fitting white T-shirt and track pants.

She didn't recognize his face, and silently hoped that he didn't know her, all call her out on her clumsiness.

His eyes, a warm shade of milk chocolate, glittered in faint amusement as he watched the girl practically trip over her words.

"Relax, I'm not going to bite you," Oikawa offered her a smile, all the while giving her a good once-over. "Oh, are you from Karasuno?"

"Um. Yeah. I'm their manager." Hinata offered lamely.

"Their manager?" Oikawa echoed. "They're really lucky to have such a cute one."

"E-E-EH?!" Hinata felt the tell-tale rush of blood to her face, and cursed herself for having such pale skin.

Oikawa laughed lightly. "You should have come to our school instead. I wouldn't have minded having you cheer me on when I play."

Before Hinata could think of a comment to make, she was saved from having to say anything when a volleyball came sailing through the air, hitting its intended target dead on.

Oikawa let out a high-pitched scream of agony, clutching the back of his head and rounding on his friend accusingly. "OW! IWA-CHAN! CAN'T YOU BE MORE GENTLE â€" _Tobio-chan_?!" He sounded just as shocked as Hinata felt.

No one could miss the killer aura that filled the room, or the way Kageyama's eyes turned to thin, narrow, angry slits, probably plotting his senpai's murder at that very moment.

"Oikawa-san, kindly stop flirting with my girlfriend." His words were a hiss, a granite command.

"Y-YOUR GIRLFRIEND?!" Oikawa spluttered, for the first time in his life at a loss for words.

"GIRLFRIEND?!" Hinata squawked, having never heard this little tidbit of information before.

"Oikawaâ€|" Iwaizumi began slowly, testing the waters and casting an anxious eye over at Kageyama, who was practically seething with jealousy. "If you don't want to get your skull smashed in with more of Kageyama's serves, I'd suggest you run."

Oikawa paled visibly. "O-Of course! I was just leaving, anyway!"

Hinata could only stare, open-mouthed as Oikawa beat a hasty retreat, Iwaizumi following after him after casting Hinata an apologetic look. She nearly jumped out of her skin when Kageyama gripped her shoulders tightly.

"Dumbass Hinata! Why didn't you call for help when you bumped into that pervert?! Did he touch you?! He did! Oh, I'm gonna murder him â€" "

"K-Kageyama, I'm fine!" Hinata cried, her voice shaking as whiplash, from being shaken back and forth like a ragdoll, set in. "He didn't do anything!"

"O-Oh. That's good, then." Kageyama relaxed slightly, so slightly, that if she hadn't been standing right in front of him, she might have missed it.

"A-And about what you said beforeâ€| I don't ever recall you asking

me to go out with you! W-We haven't even been on dates yet!"

"Hah?" Kageyama sent her a look that clearly said: Are you a dumbass? "All those trips we made to the convenience stores after school, all those times we went to see movies at the cinema, or went shopping, you mean those weren't dates?"

"Iâ€¦ Um. Well. Well, I guess they were. Sort of."

"And if we go out on dates, doesn't that mean we're dating? Dumbass." Kageyama tried to explain it to Hinata patiently, but failed, tacking his trademark insult onto the last part of his sentence for good measure.

"W-We were dating all along?!" Hinata screeched at his retreating back, but before Kageyama could answer, the rest of Karasuno replied as one: "We told you so."

Hinata let out a pained groan, and buried her head in her hands. She was never going to live this one down.

* * *

><p>Hello everyone! This time it's a KageHina story - these two babies are precious dorks who are gay for each other. **whispers** Why aren't they canon yet? Reviews are appreciated, and thank you for reading!<p>

End
file.